SONNETS FROM THE PORTUGUESE

SONG CYCLE FOR MEDIUM VOICES

WORDS BY

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

MUSIC BY

ELEANOR EVEREST FREER

No 6

Price 50¢

VERLAG VON
RICHARD KAUN
BERLIN, GER.

PUBLISHED BY
Wm A. KAUN MUSIC CO.,
MILWAUKEE, WIS.

CHURCH PAXSON & CO., 1369 BROADWAY, N.Y.

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"The Volume of Eleanor Everest Freer's forty-four Sonnets from the Portuguese (a song cycle for medium voice) is a colossal work. So far as my knowledge reaches, I know of nothing that could with justice be placed beside it. It is marvelous enough that such sentiments should be poetically expressed forty-four times by one person, and more so that another could place these wonderful sonnets in a musical setting, and of the highest order."

—BERNHARD ZIEHN.

Sonnets from the Portuguese

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Sonnets from the Portuguese.

I.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

ELEANOR EVEREST FREER.
Op. 22, № 1.

Lento.
I thought once how The - o-cri-tus had sung Of the sweet
Lento.
years, the dear and wish'd-for years, Who each one in a gra-cious hand ap-
pears To bear a gift for mor - tals, old or young: And, as I

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mused it in his an - tique tongue, I saw, in grad - u - al vi-sion thro' my

tears, The sweet,sad years, the mel-an-chol-y years, Those of my own

life, who by turns had flung A shad-ow a - cross me.

poco accel.

Straight-way I was 'ware, So weep-ing, how a mys-tic Shape did move Be -

poco accel.

hind me, and drew me back-ward by the hair;

And a voice said in mas-ter-y, while I

p

rall.
strove,— "Guess now who holds thee?"—
rall.
Tempo I.
p
"Death", I said. But, there, The sil - ver an-swer rang, "Not
p

ff
Death, but Love."
ff

II.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

ELEANOR EVEREST FREER.
Op. 22, № 2.

Sostenuto.

But on - ly three in all God's u - ni-verse Have heard this word thou hast

said,— Him - self, be-side Thee speak-ing, and me

list - 'ning! and re - plied One of us . . . *that* was

God,... and laid the curse So dark-ly on my eye-lids, as to a-merce My

sight from see-ing thee, that if I had died, The dead-weights, plac-ed there, would have

sig - ni - fied Less ab - so - lute ex - clu - sion.

rall.

a tempo

"Nay" is worse From God than from all oth - ers, O my

friend! Men could not part us with their world - ly

jars, Nor the seas change us, nor the tem - pests

3
bend; Our hands would touch for all the moun - tain - bars:
rall.

a piacere
a tempo
rall.
And, heav - en be-ing rolled be-tween us at the end, We should but vow the
p
rall.

fast - er for the stars.
decresc.
pp

III.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

ELEANOR EVEREST FREER
Op. 22, № 3.

Lento.

p

Un - like are we, ——— un - like, O prince - ly

heart! Un-like our us - es— and our des - ti -

rall. 3 *a tempo*

nies. Our min - is-ter-ing two an - gels look sur-prise On one an -

rall. *a tempo*

oth - er, as they strike a - thwart Their wings in pass - ing.

poco a poco cresc. e accel.

Thou, be - think thee, art A guest for queens to so-cial

poco a poco cresc. e accel.

poco rall.

pa - gean-tries, With ga - ges from a

poco rall.

hun-dred bright-er eyes Than tears e-ven can make mine, to play thy

part Of chief mu-si-cian. What hast *thou* to

p a tempo

p a tempo

3

do With look-ing from the lat-tice-lights at me, A poor, tired, wan-der-ing

sin - ger, sing-ing thro' The dark, and lean-ing up a cy - press tree?

The chrism is on thine head,— on mine, the dew,—

rall.

pp

a tempo

And Death must dig the lev- el where these a - gree.

a tempo

rall.

p

IV.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING. ELEANOR EVEREST FREER.

Op. 22, № 1.

Lusingando e grazioso.

Thou hast thy call-ing to some pal-ace - floor, Most gra-cious sin - ger of high

poems! where The danc-ers will break foot - ing, from the care Of watch-ing up thy

preg-nant lips for more. And dost thou lift this house's latch too

poor For hand of thine? and canst thou think and bear To let thy

mu - sic drop here un - a - ware In folds of gold - en ful - ness at my door?

Look up and see the casement brok - en in, The bats and owl-ets build-ers in the

poco accel.

roof! My crick - et chirps a - gainst thy man - do - lin.

p poco accel.

Recitando

Hush, call no e - cho up in fur - ther proof Of des - o - la - tion!

Recitando

— there's a voice with - in That weeps... as thou must sing... a -

pp

lone, a - loof.

la melodia marcato *rall.*

p poco rall.

p

V.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

ELEANOR EVEREST FREER.
Op. 22, № 5.

Appassionato ma non presto.

I lift my heav - y heart up sol - emn - ly, As once E -

lec - tra her se - pul - chral urn, And, look-ing in thine eyes, I o - ver -

turn The ash - es at thy feet. Be - hold and see What a great heap of grief lay

poco rall.

poco rall.

hid in me,

a tempo

p

And how the red wild spar - kles dim - ly burn Thro' the ash - en

p

gray - ness. If thy foot in scorn Could tread them out to

dark-ness ut - ter - ly, It might be well per - haps.

rall.

a tempo

But if in-stead Thou wait be-side me for the wind to blow The grey dust up, ... those

a tempo

lau-rels on thine head, O my Be - lov - èd, will not shield thee

so, That none of all the fires shall scorch and shred The hair be-neath.

poco rall.

Stand far-ther off then! go

poco rall.

p molto rall. *pp*

VI.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

ELEANOR EVEREST FREER.
Op. **22**, Nº 6.

Andante.

Recitando.

Go from me. Yet I feel that I shall stand Hence-for-ward in thy

Andante.

Lusingando

shad - ow. Nev - er - more A - lone up -

rall.

pp

on the thresh - old of my door Of in - di - vid - u - al

life, I shall com - mand The us - es of my soul, nor

lift my hand Se - rene - ly in the sun - shine as be -

fore, With - out the sense of that which I for - bore Thy

rall.

touch up - on the palm.

a piacere

Appassionato ma non presto.

The wid - est land Doom

non accentato

poco a poco cresc. sin' al fine.

takes to part us, leaves thy heart___ in mine___ With

pul - ses that beat dou - ble. What I do And what I

dream in - clude thee, as' the wine Must taste of its___ own

grapes. And when I sue God

for my - self, He hears that name of thine, And sees with -

rall.

in my eyes the tears of two.

rall.

VII.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

ELEANOR EVEREST FREER.
Op. 22, № 7.

Vivace.
The face of all the world is changed, I think, Since
Vivace.
poco rall.
first I heard the foot - steps of thy soul Move still, oh,
poco rall.
a tempo
still, be - side me, as they stole Be - twixt me and the
a tempo

dread - ful out - er brink Of ob - - - vious death,

rall.

rall.

where I, who thought to sink, Was caught up__ in - to

love, and taught the whole Of life in a new rhythm.

poco rall.

The cup of dole God gave___ for___ bap - tism,

poco rall.

a tempo *rall.* *a tempo*

I am fain to drink, And praise its sweet - ness, Sweet, with

a tempo *rall.* *a tempo*

poco a poco cresc. sin' al fine

thee a - - near. The

poco a poco cresc. sin' al fine

names of coun - try, heav - en, are changed a - way For where thou

art, or shalt be, there or here;

And this... this lute and song... loved

poco rall.

yes - ter - day, (The sing - ing an - gels know) are on - ly

poco rall.

a tempo

a tempo

dear Be - cause thy name moves right in what they

say.

accel.

rall.

VIII.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

ELEANOR EVEREST FREER.
Op. 22, No 8.

Largo.

What can I give thee back, O lib - er - al And prince-ly

Largo.

p

giv - er, who hast brought the gold And pur-ple of thine heart, un-stained, un -

told, And laid them on the out-side of the wall For such as I to take or leave with-

Allegro.

al, In un-ex-pect-ed lar - gesse? am I

Presto.

pp

cold, Un - grate - ful, that for these most

man - i - fold High gifts, I ren - der noth - ing back at

meno mosso e recitando

all? Not so; not cold,— but ver - y poor in -

meno mosso

Tempo I.

stead. Ask God who knows. For fre-quent tears have

run The col - ors from my life, and left so

dead And pale a stuff, it were not fit - ly done To give the same as pil - low to thy

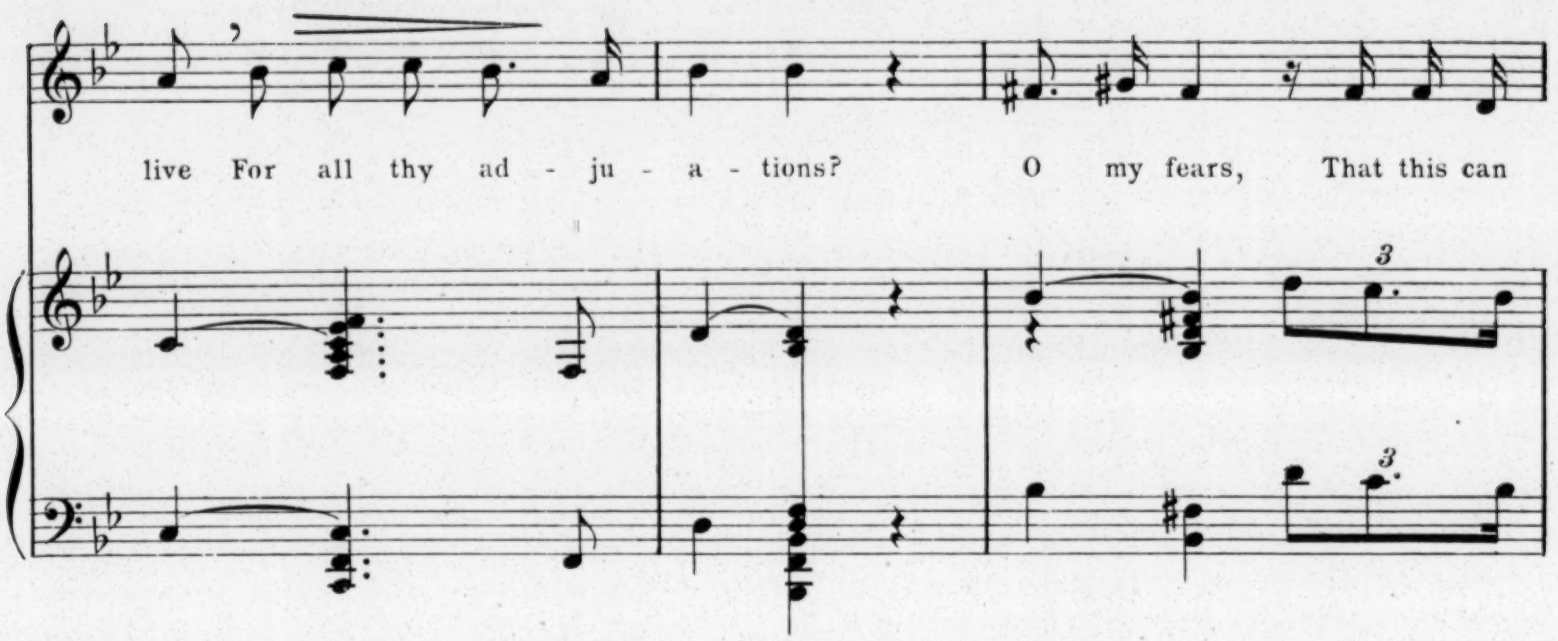
head. Go far-ther! let it serve to tram-ple on.

IX.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING. ELEANOR EVEREST FREER.

Op. 22, No 9.

Sostenuto.
p
Can it be right to give what I can give? To let thee
Sostenuto.
p
Ped.
Ped.
sit be-neath the fall of tears As salt as mine, and hear the
sigh-ing years Re-sigh-ing on my lips re-nun-cia - tive Thro' those in-fre-quent smiles which fail to


live For all thy ad - ju - a - tions? O my fears, That this can
3
3

scarce be right! We are not peers, So to be lov - ers;
3
3
3

poco rall.
and I own, and grieve, That giv - ers of such gifts as mine are,
3
3
poco rall.

a tempo

must Be count - ed with the un - gen - er - ous. Out, a -

a tempo

las! I will not soil thy pur - ple with my dust,

Nor breathe my poi - son on thy Ven - - - - ice - -

glass, Nor give thee a - ny

f

love — which were un - just. Be - lov - ed,

rall. molto

rall. molto

I on - ly love thee! let it pass.

pp

pp

X.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

ELEANOR EVEREST FREER.
Op. 22, № 10.

Appassionato.

f

Yet, love, mere love, is

Appassionato.

beau - ti - ful in - deed And wor-thy of ac - cep - ta - tion.

— Fire is bright, Let the tem - ple burn, or

meno mosso
flax; an e-qual light Leaps in the flame from Ce-dar plank or
meno mosso

weed
And love is fire. And when I

a tempo
rall.
say at need I love thee ... mark!... I
a tempo
rall.

a tempo

love thee — in thy sight I stand trans-

fig - ured, glo - ri - fied a - right, With con - - science

of the new rays that pro - ceed Out of my

rall.

face t'ward thine.

rall.

a tempo

There's noth - ing low In love,

when love the low - est:_ mean - est crea-tures Who love

poco rall. *a tempo*

God,_____ God ac - cepts while lov-ing so.

poco rall. *a tempo*

rall.

And what I feel a - cross the in - fe - rior fea-tures Of what I

rall.

am, doth flash it - self, and show

a tempo

rall.

How that great work of Love en-hanc-es Na - - - - - -

a tempo

rall.

a tempo

ture's.

poco a poco decresc.

XI.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

ELEANOR EVEREST FREER.
Op. 22, № 11.

Lento.
p
And there - fore if to love can be de - sert, I am not all un -
Lento.
p
con Ped.
wor - thy. Cheeks as pale As these you see, and
trem-bling knees that fail To bear the bur - den of a heav - y

p a tempo

heart,— This wear - y min - strel - life that

rall. *a tempo*

once was girt To climb A - or - nus, and can

scarce a - vail To pipe now 'gainst the val - ley night - in - gale A

mel - an - chol - y mu - sic, — why ad - vert — To these

f con fuoco

things? O Be - lov - ed, it is plain I

colla parte

am not of thy worth nor for thy place! — And yet, be -

cause I love thee, I ob-tain From that same love___ this___ vin-di-ca-ting

poco rall. *languendo*

grace, To live on still in love; and yet in

poco rall.

p

vain, — To bless thee, yet re-nounce thee to thy face.

molto rall.

p

XII

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

ELEANOR EVEREST FREER

Op. 22, Nº 12

Sostenuto

In - deed this ver - y love which is my

boast, And which, when ris - ing up from breast to brow, Doth crown me

with a ru - by large e - now To draw men's eyes and prove the in - ner

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cost, This love ev - en, -- all my

worth, to the ut-ter - most, I should not love with - al, un - less that

marcato

thou Hadst set me an ex-am - ple, shown me how, When first thine earn - est

eyes ——— with mine were crossed, ——— And love called

poco rall.

poco rall.

love.

And thus, I can - not

p

speak ——— Of love ev - en, as a good thing of my

own: — Thy soul hath snatched up mine all faint and

weak, And placed it by thee on a gold - - en

throne, And that I love (O soul we must be

meek!) Is by thee on - - - ly,

8va

whom I love a - lone.

pp

pp

rall.

pp

XIII

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

ELEANOR EVEREST FREER
Op. 22, Nº 13

Andante

p

And wilt thou have me fash - ion in - to speech The love I

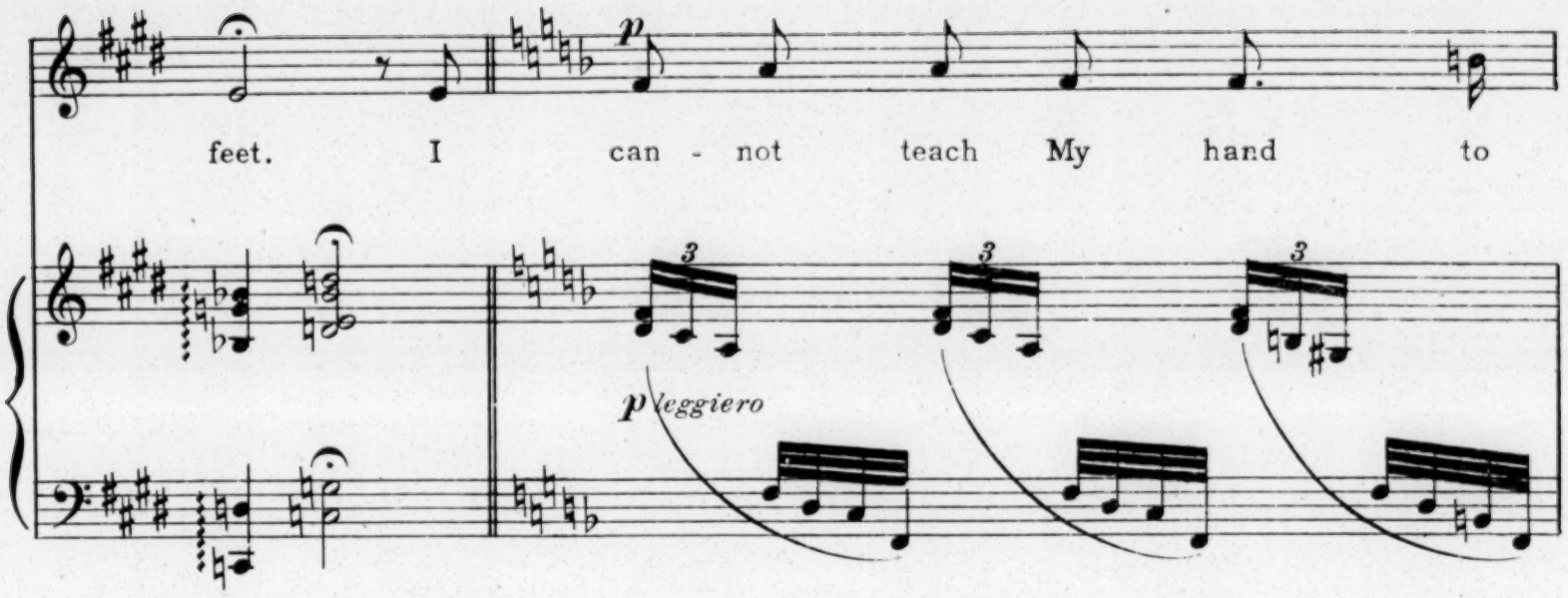
p

bear thee, finding words e-nough, And hold the torch out, while the winds are rough, Be-tween our

f

fac - es, to cast light on each? I drop it at thy

f


feet. I can - not teach My hand to
p
p leggiero
hold my spir - it so far off From my - self me that I should
bring thee proof In words, of love hid in me out of

reach.

Nay,

rall.

a tempo

let the si - lence of my wom - an-hood Com-mend my wom - an-love to thy be -

a tempo

lief,— See - ing that I stand un - won, how - ev - er

wooed, And rend the gar - ment of my

life, in brief, By a most daunt - less, voice - less

for - ti - tude, Lest one touch of this

heart con - vey its grief.

XIV

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

ELEANOR EVEREST FREER
Op. 22, № 14

Andante

p

If thou must love me, let it be for nought Ex-cept for love's sake

p

on - - ly. Do not say "I love her for her smile— her

look— her way Of speak - ing gen - tly, for a trick of thought That

falls in well with mine, and certes brought A sense of pleas - ant ease on such a

day."— For these things in them selves, Be - lov - ed, may Be

changed, or change for thee,— and love, so wrought, May be un-wrought

a tempo

so. Nei - ther love me for Thine own dear pit - y's

poco rall. *a tempo*

wip - ing my cheeks dry, A crea - ture might for - get to weep, who

poco a poco cresc.

bore Thy com - fort long, and lose thy love there - by! But

poco a poco cresc.

love me for love's sake, that ev - er -

ritenuto Sin al Fine

more Thou mayst love on, through love's e - ter - - ni - -

pesante e rttenuto Sin al Fine

8va 8va 8va 8va 8va 8va

ty.

p *pp*

8va 8va 8va

XV

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

ELEANOR EVEREST FREER
Op. 22, No 15

face in front of thine; For

rall.

a tempo

we two look two ways, and

p a tempo

can - - - not shine

poco a poco cresc.

With the same sun - - light on our brow and

hair. On me thou look - - est with no

doubt - - ing care, As a bee shut in a

crys - - - tal - line;

accel.

Since sor - row hath shut me

pp

safe in love's di - vine, And to spread

pp

wing___ and fly in the out - - er air

Were most im - - pos - - si - ble fail - ure,

if I strove___ To fail

so. But I look on

thee thee Be - -

hold - - ing, be-sides love, the end of

love, Hear - - ing ob - li - - vion be - yond

poco a poco cresc. Sin al Fine

mem - - o - ry; As one who sits and

poco a poco cresc. Sin al Fine

gaz - - es from a - - bove, O - - ver the

riv - - ers to the bit - - - ter

sea.

accel.

rall.

a tempo

XVI

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

ELEANOR EVEREST FREER

Op 22, № 16

Semplice

And yet, be - cause thou o-ver-com - est

so, Be - cause thou art more no-ble and like a

king, Thou canst pre - vail a-gainst my fears and fling Thy pur - ple

round me, till my heart shall grow Too close a -

gainst thine heart hence-forth to know How it shook when a - lone.

Why, con-quer-ing May prove as lord - ly and com-plete a

3

rall.

deciso

thing In lift - ing up-ward, as in crush - ing low! And

rall.

as a van - quished sol - dier yields his sword To one who lifts him from the

blood - y earth, Ev - en so, Be - lov - ed, I at last re -

cord, Here ends my strife. If

poco a poco cresc. sin' al fine

thou in-vite me forth, I rise a-bove a-base-ment at the

poco a poco cresc. sin' al fine

word. Make thy love larg- -er to en-

meno mosso

large my worth.

meno mosso

ff

8va

XVII

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

ELEANOR EVEREST FREER
Op. 22, № 17

Semplice

p

My po - et, thou canst touch on all the notes God

p

set be - tween His Aft - er and Be - fore, And strike up

and strike off the gen - er - al roar Of the rush - ing worlds a mel - o - dy that

p

p

floats In a se - rene air pure - ly.

poco a poco cresc.

An - ti-dotes of med-i-cat-ed mu - sic, An-swer-ing for Man-kind's for-

poco a poco cresc.

poco accel.

lorn - est us - es___ thou canst pour From thence in - to their

poco accel.

a tempo

ears. God's will de - votes Thine to such

ends, and mine to wait on thine.

f

How, Dear - est, wilt thou have me for most use?

A hope, to sing by glad-ly? or a fine Sad mem - o - ry,—

with thy songs to in - ter - fuse? A

decresc. *p* *decresc.*

sin' al fine

shade, in which to sing of palm or pine?

sin' al fine

poco rall.

A grave, on which to rest from sing-ing? Choose.

poco rall.

pp

Ped. Ped. Ped.

XVIII

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

ELEANOR EVEREST FREER

Op. 22, № 18

Lento molto
p
I nev-er gave a lock of hair a-way To a man, Dear-est,
p
ex-cept this to thee, Which now up-on thy fin-gers thought-ful-ly I
ring out to the full brown length and say "Take it."

un poco più mosso

My day of youth went yes - ter - day;

un poco più mosso

My hair no lon-ger bounds to my foot's glee, Nor plant I it from

rose or myr-tle-tree, As girls do, an - y more:

rall.

Tempo I

p

poco rall.

it on-ly may Now shade on two pale cheeks the mark of tears, Taught drooping

p

poco rall.

from the head that hangs a - side Through sor row's trick.

deciso

f

I thought the fu-ner-al - shears Would take this first, but

deciso

f

Love is jus - ti - fied,

poco a poco rall. e decresc.

Take it thou, find-ing pure, from all those years The

ff

poco a poco rall. e decresc.

kiss my moth-er left here when she died.

pp

XIX

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

ELEANOR EVEREST FREER
Op. 22, Nº 19

po - et's fore - head to my heart Re - ceive this

lock which out - weighs ar - go - sies,

As pur - ply black, as erst to Pin - dar's eyes

leggiero

The dim pur - pu - real tress - es

rall.

gloomed a - thwart The nine white Muse - brows.

rall.

pp

For this coun - ter - part,

pp

The bay - crown's shade Be - lov - ed, I sur -

mise, Still lin - gers on thy curl, it

is so black! Thus, with a

fil-let of smooth-kiss-ing breath, I tie the shad - ows safe

from gli - ding back, And lay the

gift where noth - ing hin - der - eth;

Here on my heart, as on thy brow,

to lack no nat - u - ral

heat till mine grows cold in

poco rall.

death.

a tempo

marcato

rall.

XX

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

ELEANOR EVEREST FREER
Op. 22, Nº 20

Allegro ed appassionato

Be - lov - ed, my Be -

lov - ed, when I think That thou wast in the

world a year a - go, What time I sat a - lone

here in the snow And saw no foot - print, heard the

rall.

si - - lence sink No mo - ment at thy voice, but,

rall.

poco a poco cresc.

link by link, Went count-ing all my chains as if that so They

poco a poco cresc.

nev - er could fall off at an - y blow Struck by thy

tutte le corde

ff

rall.

pos - si - ble hand, why, thus I drink Of life's great cup of

a tempo

rall.

a tempo

won - - der!

Won - der - ful,

rall.

f

a tempo

Nev - er to feel thee thrill the day or night With per - son - al

a tempo

act or speech, nor ev - er cull some

f

pre-science of thee with the blos - soms white Thou saw-est grow-ing!

meno mosso

A - the - ists are as dull, Who can - not

meno mosso

guess God's pres - ence out of sight.

A

rall.

f

rall.

XXI

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

ELEANOR EVEREST FREER
Op. 22, Nº 21

Moderato molto

Say o-ver a-gain, and yet once o-ver a-

gain, That thou dost love me

Though the word re-peat- -ed Should seem "a cuck-oo-song,"

as thou dost treat it, Re - mem - ber, nev - er to the

hill or plain, Val - ley and wood, with - out her cuck-oo strain Comes the fresh

Spring in all her green com ple ted.

rall.

p

a tempo

Be - - lov - ed, I, a - mid the dark - ness

a tempo

greet-ed By a doubt - ful spir - it - voice, in that doubt's pain Cry,

"Speak once more thou lov - - - - - est!"

Who can fear too man - y stars, though each in heav'n shall roll, Too man - y

flow'rs, though each shall crown the year? Say thou dost love me,

love me, love me toll The sil - ver -

Recitando

L. H.

ut - er - ance! on - ly mind - ing, dear, To

L. H. *L. H.* *L. H.*

meno mosso

love me al - so, in si - lence with thy

soul.

un poco rall.

pp *pp*

XXII

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

ELEANOR EVEREST FREER
Op. 22, No 22

Grave

p

When our two souls stand up e-rect and strong, Face to face, si - lent, draw - ing nigh and nigh - er,

p

Un - til the length-en - ing wings break in - to fire At ei - ther

curv - ed point,— what bit - ter wrong Can the

earth do to us, that we should not long Be here con -

tent - - ed? Think.

In mount-ing high-er, The an-gels would press on us and as-pire To

rall.

drop some gold-en orb of per-fect song In-to our deep, dear si-lence.

p

Let us stay rath-er on earth, Be-lov-ed, where the un-fit Con-tra-rious moods of

p

men re - coil a - way And i - so - late pure spir - its,

and per - mit A place to stand and love in for a day,—

rall.

rall.

meno mosso

With dark - ness and the death - hour round - ing it.—

meno mosso

XXIII

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

ELEANOR EVEREST FREER
Op. 22, Nº 23

Recitando
Andante
p
Is it in-deed so?
If I lay here dead,
p colla voce
Wouldst thou miss a - ny life in los - ing mine?
poco rall.
And would the sun for thee more cold - ly shine
Be-cause of grave-damps

un poco più mosso

fall- ing round my head? I mar-velled, my Be - loved, when I read thy

rall.

thought so in the let - ter. I am thine

Andante

But.... so much to thee? Can I pour thy wine while my hands tremble?

Then my soul, in-stead of dreams of death, re-sume life's low-er

rall.

range. Then love me, Love! look on me— breathe on me!

rall.

a tempo

As bright-er la-dies do not count it strange, For love, to give up a-cres

poco a poco decresc. e rall.

and de-gree, I yield the grave for thy sake, and ex-

poco a poco decresc. e rall.

change my near sweet view of Heav-en, for earth with thee.

pp

XXIV

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

ELEANOR EVEREST FREER
Op. 22, No 24

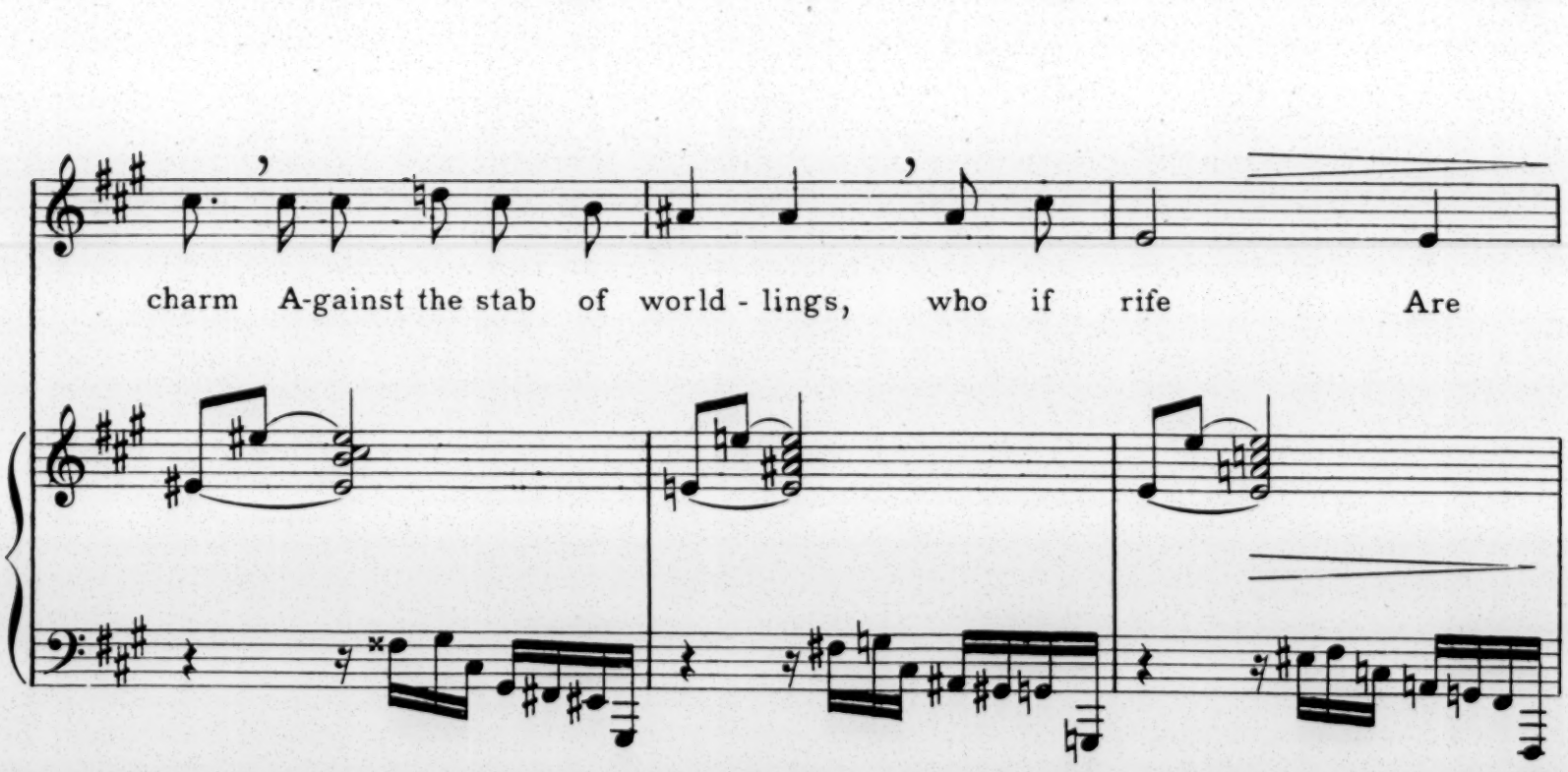
Appassionato

Let the world's sharp-ness, like a clasp - ing knife,

Shut in up - on it - self and do no harm In this close hand of

Love, now soft and warm, And let us hear no sound of hu-man strife

3
rall.
a tempo
Aft - er the click of the shut - ting. Life to life. I
6
6
rall.
lean up-on thee, Dear, with - out a - larm, And feel as safe as guard-ed by a


charm A-gainst the stab of world - lings, who if rife Are

deciso
weak to in - jure. Ver - y white - ly still The
lil - ies of our lives may re - as - sure Their blos - soms from their
roots, ac - cess - i - ble A - lone to heav'n - ly dews that

drop not few - er, Grow - ing straight, out of man's reach, on the

hill.

meno mosso e sin' al fine

God on - ly, who

made us rich, can make_ us___ poor.___

ff

XXV

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

ELEANOR EVEREST FREER
Op. 22, Nº 25

Pesante
A heav - y heart, Be - lov - ed, have I borne from
year to year un - til I saw thy face, And
sor - row af - ter sor - row took the place Of all those nat - u - ral joys as

Presto

light - ly worn As the string-ed pearls, Each lift - ed in its turn By a beat - ing

pp

heart at dance time.

un poco meno mosso

Hopes a - pace Were chang'd to long de - spairs, till God's own grace Could scarce - ly

rall. *Recitando*

lift a - bove the world for - lorn My heav - y heart. Then thou didst

rall.

bid me bring And let it drop a-down thy calm - ly great Deep be - ing!

Tempo I

Fast it sink-est, as a thing Which its own na - ture doth pre - cip - i - tate, While

f

thine doth close a - bove it, me - - di-a-ting Be-twixt the

stars and the un-ac-com-plish'd fate.

accel.

rall. sin' al fine

pp

ppp

XXVI

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

ELEANOR EVEREST FREER
Op. 22, No 26

Lento

I lived with vi - sions for my com - pa - ny In - stead of men and wom - en, -

— years a - go, And found them gen - tle mates, nor thought to

poco accel.

a tempo

know A sweet - er mus - ic than they played to me. But

sempre p

soon their trail-ing pur-ple was not free Of this world's dust, their

lutes did si - - - lent grow, And I my -

self grew faint and blind be - low Their van - - ish-ing eyes.

Then thou didst come_ to be, Be -

Andante

lov - ed, what they seemed.— Their shin - ing

f

fronts, Their songs, their splen - dors

(bet - - - ter, yet the same, As

riv - - - er wa - - - ter hal - lowed in - to fonts)

rall. *ff*

Met in thee,

rall.

and from out thee o - ver-came My soul with sat - is - fac - tion

Tempo I

of all wants: Be - cause God's

rall. *p*

gifts put man's best dreams to shame.

XXVII

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

ELEANOR EVEREST FREER
Op 22, № 27

Lento

p poco a poco cresc.

My own Be - lov - ed, who hast lift - ed me From

p poco a poco cresc.

this drear flat of earth where I was thrown,

And, in be-twixt the lan-guid ring-lets blown, A life - breath,

till the fore-head hope-ful-ly Shines out a-gain, as

all the an-gels see, Be-fore thy sav-ing kiss!

My own, my own, who cam-est to me

poco a poco cresc.

when the world was gone, And I who look'd for on - ly

poco a poco cresc.

poco accel.

God, found thee! I find

poco accel. *rall.*

Tempo I

thee; I am safe, and strong, and glad. As one who

stands in dew- less as-pho-del Looks back-ward on the te-dious time he had In the

up - per life, So I, with bos - om - swell, Make

molto cresc. e rall.

wit-ness, here, be-tween the good and bad, that Love, as strong as

molto cresc. e rall.

Death, re-trieves as well.

XXVIII

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

ELEANOR EVEREST FREER
Op. 22, Nº 28

Recitando

My let - ters! all dead pa - per, mute and white! And yet they

p

seem a - live and quiv - er - ing A - gainst my trem - u - lous hands which

loose the string And let them drop down on my knee to - night.

Sostenuto

This said,— he wished to have me in his sight—

— Once, as a friend: This

fixed a day in Spring To come and touch my hand... a sim - ple

thing,

Yet I wept for it!

p

This... the pa - per's light... said,— Dear, I

pp

love——thee;

And I sank and quailed As if God's fu-ture thunder'd on my past.

poco rall.

poco rall.

This said, I am thine— and so its ink has paled With

ly - ing at my heart that beat— too— fast. And this... O

love, Thy words have ill a-vailed If, what this said, I dared re-

peat at last!

p

XXIX

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

ELEANOR EVEREST FREER
Op. 22, Nº 29

Allegro

I think of thee! my thoughts do twine and bud A-bout thee,

as wild vines, a - bout a tree, Put out broad leaves, and soon there's

nought to see Ex-cept the strag-gling green which hides the wood. Yet, O my

palm-tree, be it un-der-stood I will not have my thoughts in-stead of

rall.

thee Who art dear - er, bet - ter!

rall.

Rath-er, in-stant-ly Re-new thy pres-ence; as a strong tree

a tempo

should, Rus-tle thy boughs and set thy trunk all bare, And let these

poco rit.

bands of green-er-y which in-sphere thee Drop heav-i-ly down burst, shat-ter'd, ev-'ry-

poco rit.

where! Be-cause, in this deep joy to see and hear thee And breathe with-

cresc. sin. al fine

in thy shad-ow a new air, I do not think of thee__

I am too near thee.

ff

presto

XXX

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

ELEANOR EVEREST FREER

Op. 22, Nº 30

Andante

p

I see thine im-age thro' my tears to-night, And yet to-

p

day I saw thee smil - ing. How re - fer the cause? Be-

lov - ed, is it thou or I, who makes me sad? The

ac - o - lyte A - mid the chant - ed joy and thank-ful rite May so fall flat,

with pale in-sen - sate brow, On the al - tar stair.

p

I hear thy voice and vow, Per - plexed, un - cer - tain,

p

since thou art out of sight, As he, in his swoon-ing ears, the

choir's A - men. Be-lov - ed,— doth thou

love? or did I see all The glo - ry as I

dreamed, And faint - ed when Too ve - he-ment light di -

lat - ed my i - de - al, For my soul's

p *meno mosso*

eyes? Will that light come a -

p

gain, As now these tears ___ come, —

fall - ing hot and real? ___

p *pp*

XXXI

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

ELEANOR EVEREST FREER
Op. 22, Nº 31

Allegro
Thou com - est! all is said with - out a word. I
sit be - neath thy looks, as chil - dren do In the noon -
sun, with souls that trem - ble thro' Their hap - py

eye - lids from an un - a - verr'd Yet prod - i - gal

in - ward joy. Be - hold, I err'd In

that last doubt! and yet I can - not rue The sin most,

but the oc - ca - sion__ that we two Should for__ a

mo - ment stand un - min - is - ter'd By a mu - tu - al

pres - - - ence. Ah, keep near and close, Thou

dove - like help! and, when my fears would rise, With

thy broad heart se - rene - ly in - ter - pose: Brood

down with thy di - vine suf - fi - cien cies These

thoughts which trem - ble when be - reft of those, Like

decresc.

cal - low birds left des - ert to the skies.

rall. sin' al fine

p

XXXII

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

ELEANOR EVEREST FREER
Op. 22, № 32

Allegro
The first time that the sun rose on thine
oath To love me, I look'd for - ward to the
moon To slack - en all those bonds which seem'd too

soon And quick - ly tied to make a last - ing troth.

Quick-lov - ing hearts, I thought,

may quick - ly loathe; And, look-ing on my -

self, I seem'd not one For such man's love!

poco rall. *a tempo*

more like an out__ of__ tune Worn vi - ol,

a good sing - er would be wroth To spoil his

song with, and which, snatch'd in haste, Is laid down at first

poco rall.

poco rall.

ill - sound ing note. I did not wrong my - self so,

but__ I plac'd A wrong on thee. For per - fect

strains may float 'Neath mas - ter - hands, from in - stru -

meno mosso

ments de - faced,_____ And great souls, at one

meno mosso

stroke, may do and doat._____

rall. *pp*

XXXIII

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

ELEANOR EVEREST FREER

Op. 22, No. 33

Andante con moto
Yes, call me by my pet name! let me hear The
name I used to run at, when a child, From in-no-cent play, and left the
cow-slips piled, To glance up in some face that proved me dear With the look in its
poco rall.

eyes. I miss the clear Fond voic-es which, be - ing drawn and re - con - ciled—

In - to the mu - sic of Heav - en's un - de - filed, Call me no long - er. Si - lence

p

on the bier, while I call God— call God!— So let thy

a tempo

p *rall.*

mouth Be heir_ to those who are now ex - an - i-mate. Gath-er the north

flowr's to com plete the south, And catch the ear - ly love up in the late.—

Yes, call_ me by_ that name,- and I, in truth,—With the same

heart,— will an-swer and not wait.

rall.

p

XXXIV

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

ELEANOR EVEREST FREER
Op. 22, № 34

Andante con moto

With the same heart, I said, I'll an-swer

thee As those, when thou shalt call me by my name — Lo, the vain

prom-ise! is the same, the same, Per -

plex'd and ruf-fled by life's strat-e-gy?

poco rall.

When call'd be-fore, I told how hast-i-ly I dropp'd my flow'rs or

a tempo

brake off from a game, To run and an-swer with the smile that came At play last

mo-ment, and went on with me thro' my o-be-di-ence. When I an-swer

now, I drop a grave thought, break from sol - i - tude; Yet still my

heart goes to thee_ pon-der how_ Not as to a sin-gle good, but

poco rall. *a tempo*

all my good! Lay thy hand on it, best one, and ai -

f

low That no child's foot could run fast as this blood._____

p

XXXV

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

ELEANOR EVEREST FREER
Op. 22, № 35

Lento
If I leave all for thee, wilt thou ex -
change And be all to me? Shall I nev - er
miss Home - talk and bles-sing and the com - mon kiss That comes to

each in turn, nor count it strange.

rall.

— When I look up, to drop on a new range Of walls and floors, an -

a tempo

oth - er home than this? Nay, wilt thou fill that place by

me which is Fill'd by dead eyes too ten - der to know

p

change? That's hard-est. If to con - quer

love, has tried, To con - quer grief, tries

more, as all things prove; For grief in -

poco rall.

a tempo

deed is love and grief be - side.

A - las,

poco rall.

p a tempo

I have griev'd so I am hard to love.

Yet love me ___

wilt thou?

O - pen thine heart wide,

And

rall.

fold with - in the wet wings of thy dove.

rall.

pp

XXXVI

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

ELEANOR EVEREST FREER
Op. 22, № 36

Lento
When we first met and loved, I did not build up-on the e-vent with
mar-ble. Could it mean To last, a love set pen-du-lous be-tween
rit.
Sor-row and sor-row? Nay, I rath-er thrill'd, Dis-
rit.

trust - ing ev - 'ry light that seem'd to gild The on - ward path—

— and fear'd to o - ver - lean A fin - ger e - ven.—— And,

L. H.

p

though I have grown se - rene And strong since then, I think that

God has will'd A still re - new - a - ble fear.—— O

love, — O troth, Lest these en - clasp - ëd hands should nev-er hold, This

mu - tual kiss drop down be - tween us both As an un - owned thing,

meno mosso

once the lips be - ing cold. — And Love, be false! if

meno mosso

rall.

he, to keep one oath, Must lose one joy, by his life's star fore - told.

rall.

p

p

XXXVII

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

ELEANOR EVEREST FREER
Op. 22, № 37

Sostenuto

Par-don, oh, par-don, that my soul should make, Of all that strong di-vine-ness

which I know For thine and thee, an im-age on-ly so Formed

of the sand, and fit to shift and break. It is not dis-tant

f

years which did not take Thy sov - ran - ty, re - coil - ing with a

blow, Have forced my swim-ming brain to un - der - go Their doubt and dread,

f

and blind - ly to for - sake Thy pur - i - ty of like-ness and dis - tort Thy

wor-thiest love to a worth - less coun-ter-feit; As if a ship-wrecked

poco rall. *a tempo*

Pa-gan, Safe in port, His guar-dian sea-god to com-mem-o-rate, Should set a sculp-tur'd porpoise,

poco rall. *a tempo*

rall.

gills a-snort And vi-brant tail, with - in the tem-ple gate.

rall.

f

XXXVIII

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

ELEANOR EVEREST FREER

Op. 22, No. 38

Lento
First twice he kissed me, he but on - ly kissed The fing-ers of this
p
hand where with I write; And ev - er since, it grew more
clean and white, Slow to world greet - ings, quick with its "Oh, list,"

When the an-gels speak. A ring of am-e-thyst I could not wear

here, plain-er to my sight, Than that first kiss.

rall.

The sec-ond passed in height The first, and sought the fore-head, and half

a tempo

missed, Half fall - ing on the hair. O be-yond meed!

That was the chrism of love, Which love's own crown, With

sane - ti - fy - ing sweet - ness, did pre - cede.

The third up- on my lips was fold- ed down In per - fect, pur-ple state;

Since when, in - deed, I have been proud and

said, "My love, my own."

XXXIX

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

ELEANOR EVEREST FREER
Op. 22, № 39

Veloce
Be-cause thou hast the pow'r and own'st the grace To look thro' and be-hind this
p
il basso marcato
mask of me (A-gainst which years have beat thus blanching-ly With their rains,) and be -
hold my soul's true face, The dim and wear-y wit - ness of life's race,—

Be-cause thou hast the faith and love to see, Through that same soul's dis-tract-ing

leth-ar-gy, The pa-tient an-gel wait-ing for a place In the new Heav'ens,—

rall.

rall.

a tempo

be-cause nor sin nor woe, Nor God's in-flic-tion, Nor death's neighbor-hood, Nor

a tempo

all which oth-ers view-ing, turn to go, Nor all which makes me tired of all, self-

viewed, — Noth-ing re - pels thee ... Dear-est, teach me so To pour out grat-i - tude, as

rall.

rall.

a tempo

rall.

thou dost, good! —

a tempo

rall.

XL

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

ELEANOR EVEREST FREER
Op. 22, № 40

talk'd _ in my ear - - ly youth, And

since, not so long back_ but that the flow'rs Then gath-ered, smell

Più mosso

still._____ Mus - sul-manns and Giaours Throw ker - chiefs

rall.

at a smile, and have no ruth For an - y weep - ing.

Pol - y - pheme's white tooth Slips on the nut if,

aft - er fre-quent showers, The shell is o - ver - smooth, and not so

much Will turn the thing called love, a - side to hate__ Or

rall.

Tempo I

else to ob-liv-i-on. But thou art not such a lov-er,

rall.

my Be - lov - ed! thou canst wait Through

sor - row and sick-ness, to bring souls to touch, And

p

think it soon, when oth-ers cry "Too late."

p

rall.

XLI

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

ELEANOR EVEREST FREER

Op. 22, No. 41

Recitando
I thank all who have loved me in their
p
Andante
hearts, With thanks and love from mine. Deep thanks to all Who paused a
lit - tle near the pris - on - wall To hear my mu - sic in its loud - er parts Ere

they went on-ward, each one to the mart's Or tem-ple's oc-cu-pa-tion, be-yond call.

Recitando

But thou, who, in my voic-e's sink and fall When the sob

p

Andante

took it, thy di-vin-est Art's Own in-stru-ment didst drop down at thy foot To

hark - en what I said be - tween my tears, In-struct me how to tkank thee! Oh, to

rall

shoot my soul's full mean-ing in - to fu - ture years, That they should lend it ut-ter-ance,

a tempo

and sa-lute Love that en - dures, from Life that dis - ap - pears! ———

rall

marcato

p

XLII

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

ELEANOR EVEREST FREER

Op. 22, No 42

Recitando

p

"My fu - ture will not cop - y fair my past,"—— I wrote that

p

Vivace

p

once; and think - - ing at my side My

p

min - is - ter - ing life an - - gel jus - - ti - fied—— The

word by his ap - peal - - ing look up

cast To the white throne— of God, I

turned at last, And there, in - stead, saw

thee, not un-al - lied To an - gels in thy soul!

Then I, long tried by nat-u-ral ills, re-ceived the com-fort fast, While

bud-ding, at thy sight, my pil - - grim's staff Gave out green

leaves with morn-ing dews im - - - pearled. I

a tempo

rall.

seek no cop - - y now of life is first half:

Leave here the pag - - es with long mus - - ing

curled, And write me new my fu - - ture's ep - - i -

graph, New an - - gel mine, Un - hoped for in the

rall.

rall.

world!

f

f *accel.*

rall.

XLIII

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

ELEANOR EVEREST FREER
Op. 22, № 43

Mesto
How do I love thee? Let me count the ways. I
love thee to the depth and breadth and height My soul can reach, When
feel-ing out of sight For the ends of Be-ing and i-deal Grace. I
semplice

love thee to the lev - el of ev - 'ry-day's Most qui - et need, By

p

sun and can - dle - - light.

I love thee free - ly, as men strive for

Right; I love thee pure - ly, as they turn from

Praise. I love thee with the pas - sion put to use In my old

griefs, and with my child - - hood's faith.

I love thee with a love I seemed to lose With my lost

saints,— I love thee with the breath, Smiles, tears, of all my life!— And

if God choose, I shall but love thee bet-ter af-ter death.——

p

p

pp

XLIV

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

ELEANOR EVEREST FREER
Op. 22, № 44

Lento
3
Be - lov - ëd, thou_ hast brought me man - y flow - ers
7
p
Pluck'd in the gar - - den, all the sum-mer through And
win-ter, and it seemed as if they grew In this close room, nor miss'd the sun and
poco rall.
poco rall.

a tempo

show-ers. So, in the like name of that love of ours, Take back these

thoughts which here un-fold-ed too, And which on warm and cold day I with-

drew From my heart's ground. In-deed, those beds and bow'rs be o - ver-

grown with bit - ter weeds and rue, And wait thy weed - ing; yet here's eg - lan -

tine, here's i - vy!

take them, as I used to do Thy flow - ers, and keep them

where they shall not pine. In -

L.H. R.H.

8

R.H.

struct thine eyes to keep their col - ors true, And tell thy soul their roots are

left in mine.

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